



a vein of luck am I in! I thought the old woman a prize, the old man a fortune, and now this dear adorable presents herself as a crowning paragon! Why, what a mine have I sprung! let me only work it well, and fame and fortune must surely follow my beck.—What an exhibition picture shall I have!—See how the dim light flickers over graceful undulations of those curls—see how the soft eyes seek the ground—see how the blood mantles—see how the garment undulates—see—”

But “a change came over the spirit of his dream,” and the artist saw the cross-grained old man standing between himself and his vision. The expression of the miser’s face was lit up with light of another kind, and developing, as it did, a new class of beauties, the artist at once changed the object of his attraction, and returned a gaze of malevolent passion with one of ardent admiration.

“The man looks at us all alike,” said the miser malevolently: “art moon-struck man?”

“No, only struck with admiration.”

“First with old Barbara,” said the miser, glancing at her ancientness, who was standing with her arms full of the artist’s drawing apparatus.

“Much,” said the artist, with a smiling bow to the vanquished-hearted Barbara, who courted the ground, ineffably delighted.

“And then with me.”

“More,” replied the artist, with another smiling bow.

“And now with Bertha,” said the old man.

“Most,” replied the artist, with a certain devotional movement of his body, and a corresponding expression in his eye, which brought the blood up even with Bertha’s brow.

“Well, no more of this folly! to business! to business!” exclaimed the old man.

So to business they went. The artist erected his easel, spread out his apparatus, pointed his chalk, and squeezed out his pigment, the old woman all the while assisting to derange his arrangements with delighted efficiousness, the old man looking as if he scarcely could tell whether he had made a bad or a good bargain, the young girl hovering round like a gleam of light.

At length all was arranged. The old man submitted to be twisted round and about, first on this side and then on that, his chin a little up, and his nose a little down; profile, full face, side face, then three-quarter face, and, in short, all the divisional proportions of faces were successively tried until the happy hair’s breadth of effectiveness was duly ascertained, and then to his task the artist fell.

Day succeeded day, and each found the artist still at his easel; and whether he painted or not the whole scene was certainly a picture. The gloomy antique chamber, with its out-of-the-world, time-worn furniture, the light streaming through the heraldic glass-stained window, the artist at his easel in his Flemish frock, with his high imaginative forehead, his finely chiselled lip, and his intellectual eye riveted on his subject; the old man looked as cross as if he knew himself to be sustaining an injury; the young girl pretending to be coquettish with a flower, but watching every movement of the painter with absorbed attention, following every motion of his eye, and ever meeting its beam; the old woman looking as if she had a secret to keep, and glorying in its possession,—aye the whole scene was a picture, whatever the artist might paint.

We said that the old man looked as if he suspected himself to be injured, and that the old woman had the proud look of a *confidante*. Well, both were right, and thereby hangs a tale. The old man was aggrieved, and the old woman an accomplice. She had gleefully entered into a plot with the painter, and this was neither more nor less than to aid and abet him in painting her young mistress whilst he was pretending to paint her old master, keeping the poor man sitting like a post or a poker, whilst he was poring and doting on the beauty of the young girl, and all the while transferring it to his canvas; the old woman carefully concealing the produce of his labor during his temporary absences, and helping him very faithfully to cheat her master, which, together, they did very effectually, entirely without the cognizance of Bertha Singleton.

Poor old gentleman! what a martyr he was, sitting chafing there, and the artist all the while making so little progress in his labors! Never was poor man more persecuted with tediousness—never did artist prove such a drone! Sitting after sitting seemed to produce no marked difference. There was only the vision of an eye, or the shadow of a nose, or the reflection of a complexion, though

hour after hour had been spent in labor. Really, our artist must have found it very hard labor!

Oh! no; sooth to say, it turned out to be all labor of love, which everybody knows to be light indeed!

The friendly compact entered into between the painter and the old maid, Barbara, did not, of course, end with its beginning, nor was it confined within the narrow limits of one act of confederacy. The artist had, from the first moment of their acquaintance, found out the key of her heart, and could henceforth unlock it at pleasure. Many a confidential conversation they had together, during which she willingly disclosed to him all that she knew, and all that she did not know, respecting the singular mortal yeolet her master.

It appeared that he enjoyed the reputation of immense wealth, and that he was an intense miser. She told him of huge iron-bound chests all stored up in a dark chamber of the old house full of uncountable treasures, which were doomed to everlasting seclusion, and all the while he would not pay for a broken window, and even starved and pinched his household of their daily bread.

As for Bertha, she was nothing less than an angel in disguise (the artist thought not much disguised,) and the old miser would not allow her the value of a new ribbon at Easter, though his chests were all the while overflowing with wealth. And then, for a man of his fortune to live in that secluded place, when he might take the beautiful Bertha into a palace, a sin and a shame it was, considering that she was his own flesh and blood, though perhaps a few degrees removed. A strange thing it was that this master of hers had come from nobody knew whither, some fourteen years ago, with his chests and little Bertha, then a chubby child, and had taken up his abode in the old tumble-down house which nobody else would inhabit; and by and by it would, doubtless, fall over his head, and then what good would living in a house rent free do him? And yet never was anybody so respected as her master; everybody paid court to him; everybody made him presents; his establishment was nearly supported by these voluntary contributions; one sent bushels of apples, and another sacks of potatoes; one sent hares, and another hams; pheasants one day, and fowl another; and the more ungracious the master grew the more plentiful presents came. Everybody was looking for a legacy; even she received no wages, but her master had promised to think of her at last, and then Miss Bertha would be such a match—and there was a somebody—

To all this the artist listened with eager

attention. So then this humble and distant relation of the rich miser was placed far above his position in life, through all her seeming poverty and privations, by the probability of her being so rich an heiress, whilst he had nothing but his pencil and imagination on which to depend for fortune, or even for life’s aliment. Strange inconsistency of human consideration, when the master of this crazy tenement, by the mere reputation of much-abused wealth, should be thus elevated above one who was at once energetic, industrious, and talented. But so it was, and the circumstance, so far from encouraging his hopes, did much to extinguish them, for, truth to tell, the very imaginativeness and poetry of his temperament had proved but snares to him. Our artist, poor fellow, was far gone in that antediluvian disorder, love.

So of course, by that good, old, well-established rule of contrary, the more he was thwarted the more desperate grew his case.

The pride which deterred him with disgust from the bare thought of mercenary motives yet urged on the desires which they coarsened. Our poor artist’s feelings were like fiery steeds, at once lashed and bound by the same thongs.

Still through all this world of intense feeling our hero painted on, though dreading through his labors to approach their end.—

The poor artist sighed, and looked, and painted; and painted, and looked, and sighed, and was compelled perforce to come to the end of his work, after having inflicted volumes of tediousness on the patience of the much abused old man.

“Not finished yet!” exclaimed the old man, reproachfully. “Why, Master Painter, one would think that this face of mine took more copying than the most voluminous manuscript.”

“There are as many lines in it, and they take even more deciphering.”

“A lengthy affair it seems, but surely it is finished now?”

“To-morrow,” said the artist. “I shall put in the few finishing touches to-morrow.”

“Aye, and finish the whole matter,” muttered the miser; there’s something in this

## TRANSCRIPT AND ECLECTIC.

that I don’t like—painting—painting—day after day—and looking—looking—at Bertha—day after day—and never finishing—never going away;” and muttering the miser left the room.

“I must leave you, Bertha!” exclaimed the artist, “and with you all the glad hopes of life. The brightness of the brief happiness I have enjoyed in being near you has blinded me to every other good of existence. Fame, fortune, aggrandisement,—these appear to me now but as vulgar toys. Obscurity and privation with you seem to me more than all the world can offer without you. I leave you with blighted hopes and prostrated desires. This world’s lottery holds for me no secondary prize!”

“Then why go?” murmured Bertha, her eyes on the ground, and her cheeks flushed crimson.

“Dear tempter! suggest not a thought of happiness which I cannot buy at the price of honor. You will possess untold wealth,—I have nothing but my mind, my heart, and my hand.”

“Above all price!” sighed out Bertha.

“I love you too well to injure you, generous girl!” said the artist. “If Mark Singleton forgave, I should be a mercenary; if he forgave not you would be injured.”

“I care not for his wealth,” said Bertha, “but I care for his feelings. Whatever he may be to others, he has been ever kind to me. He took me a beggar-baby to his bosom, and I have owed to him, ever since, my daily bread. I would not forsake him—I would not grieve him—I repeat the thought!”

Bertha and the painter both started, and the old miser stood before them.

“Finish your picture, or take it away unfinished, only begone!” said the old man.

“Bertha, come you with me.”

The artist, with a heavy sigh, proceeded to pack up his pigments. He seemed to be awakened from the happiest dream of his life, to be torn away from the most glorious vision of his imagination, to be wrenched from the best hopes of his heart. Henceforth his heretofore pleasant labors seemed to him but joyless drudgery, and the ends and desires but petty gauds. The fame which he had grasped at so hotly appeared no more than a shadow, the wealth he had coveted so strongly but base, feigned coin.

And, while thus preparing for departure from all that the acquaintance of a few weeks had made him most prize, the atmosphere itself seemed to sympathise with his sorrow.—The heavens grew dark, the rain poured down a deluge, the thunder rolled, the lightning scathed.

In the midst of this exhibition of Nature’s temper, the echo of a horse’s hoof became distinguishable amid the pauses of the storm, the bustle of an arrival was heard, and in another minute’s time our hero was disturbed from his gloomy contemplations.

A tall, well-formed, muscular man, enriched by about five-and-thirty years’ experience of the world and its ways, with a considerable portion of what that world would have esteemed masculine beauty, entered the room abruptly, with a riding-whip in one hand, a hat drenched with rain in the other, and a coat, from which flowed a hundred little rills of trickling dew.

“Barbara! old Barbara! here, take this gear of mine, and let it be dried—that is, if the kitchen of my good friend Master Mark Singleton, boasts fire enough; if not, burn some of the old banisters, and go and tell your master that I am here and want a welcome, and fetch pretty little mistress Bertha too—I want a hospitable greeting out of such inhospitable weather—and look you, old housewife, don’t look so cross—it makes you all the uglier.”

The old woman cast a look of withering disapprobation on the new comer, a look of tender commiseration on her old admirer, and hobbled on her various errands.

“So, so, what have we here!” exclaimed the new comer; “a picture of Mark Singleton, by some travelling sign-post painter.—Going to put up a new house of entertainment!—the sign of the rich old miser’s head, eh?”

The artist lifted up his fine eyes with an air of conscious superiority, and as if he were wholly inaccessible to any vulgar apprehension.

The new comer felt himself in the presence of a mental superior, but rebelled at the consciousness. He bit his lip, lashed his own boots with his riding-whip, and walked impatiently about the apartment.

Some little time elapsed in this fretful impatience on the part of one of the gentlemen, and painful incertitude on the other, but, at length, the old miser and the young girl came.

The old man looked irritated and excited; Bertha’s eyes bore traces of passionate tears.

“My good friend,” said the stranger, “I have come to trespass on your well-known hospitality again. My sweet Bertha, a smile is more flattery than a tear.”

“A smile at meeting, a tear at parting,” murmured Bertha, and the artist thanked her with his eyes.

“Go to your chamber, Bertha,” said the old man. “Master Austin, I would have speech of you, as well now as any time; please to follow me.”

The old miser led the way, and the stranger followed. Taking the lamp from Barbara’s hand, he proceeded along the old passage and creaking corridor, now up a few steps, and now down a few more, through the rusty, dusky intricacies of the ancient dwelling. At length, having arrived at the end of a long passage, he drew out a rusty key, and, having turned it in the lock, pushed open a heavy door, passed into an antechamber, unbarred and unlocked another portal, entered, admitted his visitor, and then carefully closed himself and his guest within the dreary chamber.

In a sort of puzzled, wondering silence, Master Austin had followed, and, with the same feelings strong upon his mind, now gazed around him. The solitary light but faintly dispelled the gloom of the dreary chamber, the dark discolored walls of which looked frowningly upon them; not a vestige of furniture relieved the desolation that reigned around, but oblongs hung flickering down from the broken ceiling, and here and there the moulder flooring had crumbled into holes. Nevertheless, the apartment did possess a peculiar feature. It was tenanted by two or three black, iron-bound, clumsy, unsightly chests, on one of them the miser placed his lamp, and turned round to survey the countenance of his guests.

“Master Austin,” said the miser, “it is time that you and I should understand each other. Whilst we are considering whether the fruit be ripe, another may step in and pluck it.”

“Master Singleton,” returned the visitor, casting his eyes upon those all-important chests, which seemed as weighty in consideration as in avirdupois. “I rejoice to hear the result of yesternight’s consideration of my suit. You know that I love your pretty Bertha honestly and disinterestedly, and shall only be to happy to endow her with my own name and substance.”

“I am now old,” said Mark Singleton, and would fain be the girl the wife of an honest man. It would relieve me to think that the reputation of wealth had gained her a husband, when no own innocent attractions had not won her heart.”

“Can you doubt my disinterestedness?” exclaimed the minor. “I, who despise filthy lucre! I, who care not for wealth! I, besides, who havenothing of my own!”

“Aye, there it is,” replied the old man, “you have a fair estate, and ought not to covet gold with a wife.”

“I despise it!—I despise it!” said the suitor; “I only wish that you had nothing, that so I might prove my singleness of purpose.”

“Then you would court my Bertha were she a beggar?”

“As I do now.”

“And what if she should never have a farthing?”

An expression of alarm passed over Austin’s face.

“Nay, nay, fear not, man—fear not. All that I have, be it much, or be it little, will be Bertha’s, and Bertha shall be yours. I have made up my mind entirely. But I will give you nothing now—noting, I declare, not even a solitary ten thousand!”

“It would be such a convenience—such a convenience,” demurred the suitor.

“No, no, not a farthing. I will prove your disinterestedness—wait till I die, wait till I die—time enough then—time enough then; meantime you have enough and to spare.”

You have protested a thousand times that it was Bertha, and not my gold, which you desired, Bertha you may have now, let the gold come afterwards.”

The suitor looked first at the chests, and then at the old man.

“Aye, aye, look, look; weigh, weigh, they are heavy, and I am old. Now, hark you, Christopher Austin, I will not give you a coin, a farthing, a pocket-piece, whilst I am alive, but the very day on which you marry Bertha I pledge myself to bequeath to you those chests, just as they stand—too heavy for you to move—with every atom they may contain—and, in truth, they hold every iota that I call my own. On your wedding day I make my will.”

The eyes of the suitor glistened as they feasted on the sight of the ungainly, iron-bound chests, and he exclaimed, “I close with your offer, my dear sir; I am wholly disinterested, as you may see.”

“I do see,” replied the old, and his eyes also wore a peculiar expression.

The miser and his guest, having arranged the speedy fulfilment of their compact, returned to the usual sitting-room, where they had left the artist. He was still there, spellbound more than weather-bound, for though the storm continued to rage, and the rain seemed to threaten to wash away, and the wind to blow away, the crazy tenement, he knew little of these meteorological facts, lingering on, in the hope of catching another glimpse of Bertha, of gaining another syllable, of uttering a few more words either of despair or consolation, he knew not which, and so still he lingered despite the grudging hospitality which afforded him no more than unwelcome shelter and a stay on sufferance.

But Bertha came no more, and the night waned. At length some sultry and grudging arrangement was entered into between the miser and his guest. The old man went to his own pillow, Christopher Austin was conducted to some apology for a bed, which Barbara unwillingly submitted to extempore, and the artist was left to pass the night in his chair.

Now, it is one of the peculiarities of imaginative people, in some measure, to enjoy new combinations of circumstances, however comfortless they may be. It was the last time that the artist thought to behold that apartment which had been the scene of that new-born happiness which he had hugged to his heart, and, therefore, was every particle of its parts sanctified to his feelings. He gazed on every inanimate object, committing the very minutiae of its shape and form to memory associating every thought with Bertha, only Bertha. Here was the chair on which she sat; these the flowers which she had gathered; here the book which she had read; there the embroidery which she had plied. To these the artist’s heart wandered: but who can follow the wanderings of the heart?

The artist’s lamp flickered, fluctuated, expired; it mattered little, the vision only became internal poetry, passion, imagination, the splendid things of art, all passed before him in glowing panoramas. Ay, in the solitude, darkness, silence, dreariness, the intellectual mind still holds its feasts.

The storm still raged, the old casements rattled, the wind sighed and moaned through a thousand cracks and crevices, and the decrepit house tottered, trembled, and rocked again.

But what sound was that which came shrilly mingling with the wailings and moanings of the storm? Was it the expression of human agony—the shriek of human fear—the wild anguished cry of human despair?

Our artist sprang to his feet, at once awakened from his reverie. He felt his way out of the dark chamber, penetrated through the still darker antechamber, found himself in the antiquated hall, bounded up the worm-eaten staircase, while cry upon cry both guided and goaded him on, rushed across a crazy corridor, and in fact, trod precisely the same path which the old miser and Master Christopher Austin had tracked the night before, finding himself, at last, precisely on the same spot where the two had driven the iniquitous bargainer.

And here what a sight presented itself! Those chests, the reputation of which had gained for the old man the semblance of respect on every side, both from rich and poor, were now wrenched open, and their hoarded treasures strewn over the floor. The unhappy miser, his worn body stretched across one of them, was struggling in the grasp of a ruffian, whilst another with a huge bludgeon in his hand, was apparently in the act of silencing his shrieks forever.

man, the very peasants would help us to hang thee on a tree for thy deception,—the very magistrates would rejoice to find the cord.—Deceitful villain, these stones are thy gold: they were thy only friends, and thou hast none other. We will brain thee with thine own sharp gold—we will brain thee with thine own base wealth!" And, saying thus, the infuriated ruffian—infuriated most for being disappointed, took up one of the large stones, of which the rifled chests seemed full, and aimed as though he would have dashed out the old man's brains.

But he was arrested in the action. A strong grasp was on his throat, and he was suddenly hurled to the other side of the room, whilst our artist followed on his advantage by wrenching the bludgeon out of the second ruffian's hand, and striking him senseless to the ground, on which the first, seeing the fate of his companion hastened to escape.

A cry of joy, such mad, wild, frenzied joy, as but seldom has rung upon mortal ear, broke from the lips of the old man.

"My deliverer! my benefactor! my saviour!" exclaimed the old miser, gasping for breath.

"But how is this? What is all this?" asked the painter.

"The ruffians they dragged me from my bed to unlock my treasures; but they were deceived; like Master Christopher Austin, they thought to impose on me, but I had been too deep for them;" and the old man chuckled with malignant exultation.

"Stones, not gold!" said the artist, looking at the contents of those far-famed chests.

"Aye, stones," said the old man. "Hark you good youth, you have saved my life, and I will pay you with candor. Hiss! in thine ear. I am a beggar; thou couldst have gained nothing by marrying my Bertha. I love thee, and I am grateful in some sort, and I will own to thee my long hoarded secret, my only hoard, saving these stones; I am a beggar, but I am a shrewd man, I know the temper of the world; I could not work, I could make nothing of its charity, so I made my bargain with its avarice. I instead of being a poor miser, I assumed the character of a rich one. I came here where nobody knew me, my sole fortune those old chests, filled as you see, he! he! The reputation of wealth did quite as well as its possession, everybody looked for a legacy. The hope gave me a house to live in, bread to eat, a servant to wait upon me—I might have begged a dry crust in vain—and the hope of future wealth has nearly got for my Bertha a rich husband—rich, though the man takes her in the hopes of more—but I have made a good bargain for her, I was too sharp for him, he! he! He'll never know how cleverly I managed, shrewd as he is, till I'm in my grave—I could almost laugh at him from thence, but hark! Aye, he can come to help me when I need him not."

And as he spoke Christopher Austin, half-dressed, Bertha hastily shawled, and old Barbara in her night gear, handsomer than ever, came rushing in.

"What's the matter, old friend?" exclaimed Bertha's suitor; "what turmoil is this?"

"I might have been murdered ere you had come to help me!" returned the old man doggedly.

"And robbed!" exclaimed Austin, anxiously—"and robbed? I hope and trust you are not robbed, at least to any amount. I always said it was the maddest thing to keep such treasures in such a shake-down house.—But what have we here? Stones?" And Austin paused and looked on the old miser, and as he gazed the truth seemed to break in upon his mind. "So, so, these chests contained all you were worth in the world—they should be mine if I would wait patiently for your decease—you would secure them to me on my wedding-day. Why, thou arrant cheat! thou base hypocrite! thou low dissembler! thou rank impostor! thou—thou—

I could murder thee myself in my just indignation—I wish those good fellows had not failed. Thou wouldest have trepanned me, duped me, cheated me, palmed upon me thy beggarly girl for a wife. Pretty Miss Bertha, a narrow escape have I had. I leave you to dupe somebody else." And saying thus, Master Christopher Austin made his exit from the room and from our tale.

The neighborhood of the old mansion wondered after that night that no signs of life were discernable within it. No master Miser, no maid Barbara, no pretty Bertha, were seen hovering about; after a while the house was broken open, but not a trace of its inmates was discovered. This mysterious disappearance was a nine days' wonder, but at length it faded into a tradition, a tale to be told by the winter hearths of the people round. The old mansion, however, was never more inhabited.

Howbeit, in our great metropolis there dwelleth an artist who could, if he would, disclose some further particulars of the incidents connected with that old dwelling, but we suppose he is now too happy to take much trouble, for happiness, whatever may be said, is a very selfish thing. He has got a very pretty wife, and he is not yet tired of her; there sits an old man in the chimney-corner with a countenance so very smiling, that if the crooked lines of duplicity were traced upon it they must have been erased with the artist's India rubber, and those smiles are beaming on a little cherub, who is climbing his knee. An old servant called Barbara, is jealously watching the group, whilst a certain artist is busily painting a picture.

### Matters in Maine.

#### The Poland Tragedy.

We find in the Lewiston papers a full relation of the recent murder in Poland. The Evangelist gives the following account of the parties concerned in this fearful tragedy—

Mr. Knight is a farmer, about forty, and his wife was not far from sixty years of age. So far as anything that was publicly known before this tragedy, they had lived together peaceably. Mrs. K. was the widow of an older brother of Mr. Knight, and has a large family by her former husband, all of whom are men and women grown. She had been married to Knight thirteen years. Mr. Knight has no children. He lives not far from Poland Corner, and has a fine farm and house, which was the property of his wife, and was left her by her first husband.

From the testimony at the examination it appeared that Mrs. Knight's throat was cut as she lay in bed with Mr. Knight's mother, a deaf old lady of 83. Two children in the house were awakened by her groans, and it was at first supposed she had committed suicide. Upon examination, however, it appeared that some person had entered the house and then escaped through an open window, leaving the prints of bloody hands upon the sill. Mr. Knight left for Gray Corner with a load of shingles on the evening before, but it appeared that he was six hours in going eight miles, and that his team was standing for some hours in a by-path near his house. When the messenger overtook him in Gray and told him that his wife had committed suicide he merely remarked that he could not believe it, and proceeded to dispose of his shingles, exhibiting no desire to return immediately home. On Wednesday it was thought proper to arrest him, and two young men sent to prevent his escape saw him go near a fence, where was afterwards found a bloody butcher-knife. Marks of blood were found on his shirt, the cart and shingles. At his special request, though against the remonstrances of the deceased's daughter, he was permitted, under the charge of officers, to attend the funeral as a chief mourner. He participated in these solemn acts of reverence for the dead without moving a muscle of his face. The shrieks and wallings of the murdered woman's daughters are described to have been heart-rending. He is now in jail in this city, awaiting his trial before the S. J. Court, in Lewiston, on the fourth Tuesday of January next.

**Accidents.**

In Bethel, one day last week, Mr. Orlando Cross, foreman on repairs of the Railroad, while taking a gun from his hand-car, hit it against the tools, firing it off, the charge taking effect in the fleshy part of his arm, and injuring it so severely that amputation became necessary. Mr. C. is a young man and the loss a severe one.

Adjutant General Atwood, while on his way to attend the anniversary parade of the Lewiston Light Infantry, dislocated his ankle so seriously that he will be confined to his house for many days.

#### Still they go.

Eight or ten young men, citizens of Foxcroft and Dover, left their homes for California on Wednesday of last week.

Owing to some villain moving the switches from their proper place on Tuesday morning, the freight train from Boston was partly thrown from the track, near the Cape Elizabeth Junction, and George Milliken, fireman, was seriously injured. \$500 reward has been offered for the detection of the scoundrel who perpetrated the act.

A likely and industrious Irishman named Keefe was drowned at Lewiston last week by falling into the river, while picking up drift wood. He leaves a wife and family.

The Dover Observer is suspended for want of patronage. The people of Piscataquis ought to sustain at least one local paper.

On Saturday some thieves entered the store of L. Pillsbury, Lewiston, and stole \$50 worth of shoes.

A portion of the operatives in the Lewiston factories having struck for the eleven hour system, have been discharged. They say they will not work twelve hours a day, and we don't blame them. There are said to be no other factories in New England, besides those at Lewiston, where twelve hours of daily labor are exacted.

One night last week some rascal entered the stable of Hon. K. Washburn, at No. Livermore, and stole a family horse, worth \$200.

Among the patents issued last week was one to Samuel C. Norcross, of Dixfield, Me., for improved adjustable stirrup for saw mill pitmen.

Hon. John Otis, of Hallowell, died suddenly at his residence in that city on Friday of last week.

### Pen & Scissors.

**The OPENING.**—The opening of the Grand Trunk Railway to Toronto, will take place on Monday next.

The English government has knighted Mr. Crampton, the Minister that our Government sent home.

**THE LATEST IRISH BULL.**—The Irish comet, noticed last month, turned out to have been a parachute rocket.

They are talking in New York of erecting a monument to Poe, the poet.

When the Sultan of Turkey dines he sits down to 70 dishes, but then he only takes a mouthful of each that may take his fancy.

Spain is fitting out a formidable fleet at Havana to enforce her claims against Mexico.

**ANOTHER MINISTER DRIVEN OUT.**—Rev. Mr. Malcolm has been dismissed by his church (Baptist) in Wheeling, Va., on account of "abolition sentiments."

**A PROFITABLE OYSTER.**—A young man in Syracuse, eating oysters, found in one a pearl worth from ten to forty dollars.

It is calculated that at the rate Macau-ley proceeds with his history he must live a century and a half to finish it!

A censorship of the press is about being established in Spain. Indeed, in no European country, except England, is the press unshackled.

Smelt fishing is now the great amusement in Boston. Four gentlemen on Friday caught in six and a half hours, with poles and line, one hundred and eighty dozen and four smelts—being 2164 fish!

In Evansville, N. Y., a man drove down to the railroad station, for the purpose of accustoming his horse to the locomotive whistle. At the first scream the horse fell down dead in his tracks, the victim of a mortal fright.

The weather-wise are predicting a mild autumn and an open winter, because when the sun crossed the equinox the wind set from the Southeast, and gave us a warm storm.

**MRS. ROBINSON ON KANZAS.**—Messrs. Crosby, Nichols & Co. have in press a new work on Kanzas by the talented Mrs. Robinson, wife of the Free State Governor. It gives a vivid picture of life in Kanzas.

**SOME PUMPKINS.**—In the yard of Wm. H. H. Lyman of Brimfield, Mass., may be seen the products from two pumpkin seeds, this season, as follows: 536 feet of vine and 13 pumpkins weighing 220 pounds.

A gentleman in Oporto has been 'astonishing the natives' by walking on the river! He attached to his feet two large boat-fashioned shoes of tin, and thus prepared, accomplished in safety a rather long "tramp" on the waters of the Douro!

In a dwelling house in Varick street, New York, a cooking stove exploded, knocking out two front windows. A hopeful son of the family had stored blank cartridges in the oven!

**FATAL VENTRiloquism.**—Benjamin F. Gearhart, pastor of the Wrightsville, Pa., Methodist church, imitated a wild turkey so well that one of his hunting companions shot him, by mistake, for one of those birds, and wounded him fatally.

**WHOLESALE ANNEXATION.**—Within eight years the East India Company has annexed territories exceeding 200,000 square miles, with a population of more than seventeen millions! This is filibustering on a large scale.

A bear weighing 457 pounds was killed in Chatham, N. H., on Monday last.

The number of patents issued in 1855 was 2024, more than twice the number granted ten years ago.

The number of scholars attending the Boston public schools is 23,749, and the average cost of educating them is \$14.41 for each scholar per annum.

The first snow of the season fell at the White Mountains on Monday evening last. It has not held off so long for quite a number of years.

In Sweden none but ladies of a certain degree are permitted to wear bonnets! Such a law would apparently well suit some of our ladies, who seem to be very anxious to leave their bonnets behind them!

Russia comes to the rescue of King Bomba, and is quite loud in her talk. She apparently don't know that she has been whipped.

**WHAT THEY WANT.**—Rev. T. W. Higginson writes from Leavenworth, K. T., that one of the leading Ruffians said—By —, I wish that the Abolitionists would just kill one or two of our men, moderate men, you know, not good for much, but just enough to let us claim them as ours—*anything to give us a handle.*

**SUNDAY SERVICES.**—A change in the hours of commencing Sunday services has been adopted by the churches in Boston which it would be well for our churches also to adopt. Afternoon service during the winter, will commence at three o'clock, precisely, and during the summer months at four o'clock, P. M.—thus avoiding the hours of intense heat.

**A LONG TIME AT THE NEEDLE.**—A correspondent of the New Bedford Standard cites an unusual instance of enduring activity in the case of Mr. Hardy Hitch of Fairhaven, who *sixty-four years ago* assisted in making sails for the barque Maria, of New Bedford, and who a few days since, at eighty-one years of age, was again at work on the sails of the same barque-Maria.

**ANOTHER DEADLY INVENTION.**—The Albany Times states that a pistol has been invented in that city, which will fire ninety times per minute, carry a ball forty yards further than any pistol now in use, and that it is also much lighter, and in every respect superior to Colt's celebrated pistols.

*Since 1853, the gross produce of gold mines of North Carolina, as far as indicated by the mint returns, are \$4,233,336, and of Georgia \$5,685,864; total \$9,920,100; and the aggregate expense of maintaining them \$22,000 annually, or about \$400,000 for the whole period.*

**A FEMALE CHURCH.**—In Northampton Co., Va., there is a Presbyterian church composed entirely of ladies. They are twenty-two in number. There is not a single male member among them; and of course, as they can have no eldership, they are not properly an organized church; but the ladies, hoping almost against hope, have persevered in their sisterhood, and they have actually increased in numbers, more than many churches with a settled pastor.

William B. Smith, charged with killing his own son, has been convicted of manslaughter in the first degree by the Circuit Court of Tippah county, Miss., and sentenced to a term of fifty years in the State Prison. Smith is now over seventy years of age, and will, according to the "higher laws" of nature, be reprieved by death before the expiration of fifty years.

**MELANCHOLY DESPERATION.**—At Ballinrobe, Galway county, Ireland, the wife of a farmer named McGrath, left her two little children while she went to bring a kettle of hot water to scald the churn she was about to use for making butter. The eldest child meantime forced the baby into the churn, and the mother unwittingly scalded it to death.—Rendered frantic by the discovery, she threw a stool at the other child, which killed it, and then drowned herself.

**A "FAST" MAN.**—The Petersburg (Vt.) Intelligencer says there is a man in that city who smokes, chews and drinks to the following tune: 244 gallons brandy drunk, one mile seven-eighths of tobacco chewed, and three and a half miles of cigars smoked in one year. Rather a hard case.

**AN INDIAN TRIBE IN LUCK.**—A Council Bluff's paper says the Omaha Indians have returned from their summer hunt, having captured from six to eight hundred buffaloes during their absence. They have now on hand 6000 bushels of corn, also squashes, pumpkins, potatoes, &c. The tribe numbers about 897 souls.

**HOW THEY VOTE IN KANZAS.**—A correspondent of the New York Tribune, writing from Leavenworth, K. T., thus describes the doings at the polls during the recent election—

As for the voting, nothing can be more free and easy. Strangers are pressed to take a share in it, as if it were something to drink. Nothing is necessary except to hand in a ticket, at a small office window, and announce one's name. No questions appear to be asked. I was urged to do this by bystanders, in spite of my assurances that I was merely a traveller, not a resident; they assured me it made no difference. I saw the same persuasions succeed with persons who obviously did not come in for the purpose. But many openly proclaimed that as the only object of their visit, and coolly debated the most available points to throw pro-slavery votes—just as a knot of country merchants might debate whether to go to New York or Boston for their purchases.

**SINGULAR PUNISHMENT.**—The Chinese are remarkable for the grotesque cruelty of their punishments. There have been instances of their putting criminals to death by depriving them of sleep, and their ordinary mode of decapitating prisoners has many disgusting features. The Chinese Repository tells of a strange kind of death punishment which was inflicted on a criminal who had committed a dreadful murder. He was wound with cotton, saturated with tallow, places being left for him to breathe. He was then dipped like a monster candle, until he presented a mass of tallow. In this way he was stuck up on his father's grave, lighted and kept burning until his body was consumed by slow degrees.

**MARRIED GENTLEMAN.**—Pench is wicked enough to print the following paragraph under the head of "Social Statistics":

Thirteen married gentlemen, who, within the last week or so, have been convicted of having smoked in their own dining rooms, have been severally fined a new bonnet, and, in default, have been committed to the hard labor of taking out their wives for an afternoon's shopping.

**MORE PERSECUTION OF EMIGRANTS.**—Two hundred and fifty emigrants, including women and children, were arrested in Kanzas, near the Nebraska line, 10th inst., by Deputy Marshal Preston, with 700 troops and six pieces of cannon. They had the permission of Gov. Geary to enter Kanzas with the ordinary arms of emigrants, yet they were made prisoners, their baggage searched and their arms, wagons, utensils and provisions seized. Not a single pro-slavery man has yet been arrested by Gov. Geary.

**CARILLON IN TURKEY.**—It seems that notwithstanding the opposition of the fanatical Turks, religious toleration in Turkey is proving a reality. Since it was established 106 Christian churches have been repaired, or constructed. The Sultan alone contributed \$5000 for one building in the Island of Candia, and in fact, everything is done by his government and himself, to conciliate his subjects, and improve the condition of the empire. Such toleration as this might advantageously be imitated in most of the Christian countries of Europe.

**A TREMENDOUS VOTE.**—The vote at the recent election in Philadelphia was enormous—footing up 68,632, a larger vote than was ever thrown by the more populous city of N. York, and an increase of 12,850 over the vote in Philadelphia last spring. These facts have caused a suspicion of fraudulent voting, and steps have been taken to contest the election.

**THE SEASON.**—There was snow on the highlands in Virginia last week, a sprinkling at Richmond, and enough to make the house-tops white at Charlottesville and Weldon, N. C. We believe that we, away down east here, are enjoying the finest weather in the country—delightful mild, Indian Summer days.

**A VENERABLE PRINTER.**—Mr. Henry Barber who died recently at Newport, R. I., aged 76, had worked as a compositor in the office of the Newport Mercury *sixty-five years!* He was regularly at the case until two weeks before his death, and never wore glasses of any kind. He was never in his life farther than five miles from home, and had never seen a railroad or a locomotive!

**A LAW AMONG THE ARABS.**—A law among the Arabs permits a man to divorce any of his wives who do not make him good bread. If such a law were in force in this country how few wives would remain in their homes?

**LIVELY TIMES FOR POLIT**

## Poetry.

## A SEASON SONG.

O ripe and ruddy autumn, now  
Thou givest once again  
A rich reward to anxious man  
For all his toil and pain;  
Thou art a queen, a stately queen,  
Among the graces three,  
For lovely spring and summer bright  
Are handmaiden unto thee;  
Right royally, with lavish hand  
Thou spread'st o'er hill and plain  
The luscious symbols that proclaim  
The last of thy reign.

O, gentle, bounteous autumn queen,  
Brown daughter of the sun,  
Effulgently thou tread'st the path  
His burning coursers run;  
Thou lay'st thy magic wand upon  
The great and tender grain;  
And full-stored harvest gladdens earth  
With teeming fields again;  
The bough that bends with golden fruit,  
The purple-clustered vine,  
O, ripe and ruddy autumn queen,  
Are thine and only thine.  
O, blessed and blessing autumn queen,  
Commissioned from above  
To gem the matron breast of earth  
With jewels of God's love;  
The green hillsides are wild with glee—  
The valleys swell with song—  
The everlasting mountain-tops  
The anthems peals prolong;  
And all the kindred of mankind,  
In one great rapture strain,  
Sing praise to Him who bade thee fill  
Their garners once again.—*Alfred Knott.*

## VIRTUE.

BY GEORGE REBERT.—1825.

Sweet day! so cool, so calm, so bright,  
The bridal of the earth and sky;  
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,  
For thou must die.  
  
Sweet rose! whose hue, angry and brave,  
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye;  
Thy root is ever in its grave;  
And thou must die.  
  
Sweet spring! full of sweet days and roses;  
A box where sweets compacted lie;  
Thy music shows ye have your closes;  
And all must die.  
  
Only a sweet and virtuous soul,  
Like season'd timber never gives;  
But, though the whole world turn to coal,  
Then chiefly lives.

## Original Articles.

For the Portland Transcript and Eclectic.

## A RIDE.

MR. EDITOR:—I have just ventured out on a ride. Not one of your furious, railroad drives, but a genuine ride after a good steady horse. We old people take but little pleasure in car travelling, for the plain reason that we can see nothing. It is the Indian Summer in October, the most fitting time for old people to travel, reminded as they are at every step of the Autumn of life. Suppose we leave the cars at Bethel and take a ride down the Androscoggin to Dixfield, and thence across to the head waters of Sandy River. Leaving the Village at Bethel Hill, which has been frequently noticed by your correspondents, we crossed over the Androscoggin River, and passing through the little village on the opposite side, we were immediately presented with one of those grand displays of the American forest. Never have I seen such gorgeous coloring. The red maples looked like pyramids of fire, the white maples too were like so many golden clouds. What a scene is now before me, such an one as but few artists ever saw. At a short distance the Androscoggin flows lazily along with its somewhat swollen waters; beyond is a rich interval covered with its deep carpet of green, beyond this is a grove of pines whose dark green tops contrast beautifully with the multi-colored hues of the hard-wood forest still further up the slope; while beyond all these, towers one of the many mountains in this vicinity. How many times I have stopped the old horse to look at a maple tree after it has been struck by a slight frost. On one side is a fiery red, on the other a glowing yellow with all the intermediate shades produced as complements of these colors. Beneath their leaves are patches of living green unaffected as yet by the frost.

But I must hasten on. Passing by some noble farms and farm-houses which show evidence of good taste and intelligence, I soon find my way over Sandy and Bear Rivers. The recent freshet had left drift wood, corn and pumpkins scattered over the intervals in strange proximity. But I must stop to describe another scene, such as but few ever saw. It is now past sunset. Dark shadows appear on the sides of the mountains. Above all is a cloud of a deep red color. By some law of optics hardly clear to myself, its red-

ness is reflected down on the mountain slope for a long distance, causing the forest to appear as if a dull lurid flame was just bursting from the tree-tops. It was a grand display such as I never witnessed before. But I must proceed. The pass through Rumford, near to the falls where the water plunges down a distance of eighty feet in the wildest manner. It is not generally known that by a trifling outlay, steamboats can run from Rumford Falls to Stellburne, and the time may come when Bethel may become a port of entry.

Crossing the river here, I rode down to Dixfield, where I again crossed, and found myself in a thriving village situated on Ellis River, which contains a fine water power, and appeared to be pretty well improved.—After dressing down the inner part of man and beast, I thought I would enjoy a moonlight ride up Ellis River. Starting at nine o'clock in the evening, I passed fine farm houses and fields over a beautiful road.—Near by ran a mountain very abrupt which seemed like a watch tower peering above the adjacent hills. Leaving the river, I turned farther to the North East. The road passes through dense woods, where by the light of the moon I could see a bear every few rods in the bushes, or, at least, thought I could see him. In this way I rode several miles till my ear caught the sound of a waterfall. This was a pleasant relief from the sight and sound of bears. Emerging from the forest I found myself in the little Village of Weld, where I found a public house for the night.

Wishing to enjoy the morning air, I started again at six and directed my course towards Phillips. At my left is one of those beautiful ponds which add so much to the mountain autumnal scenery. Riding along I was frequently saluted by a partridge which had ventured out to the road-side for her breakfast. Here I find myself on an entirely different route from that usually taken by tourists in this region. Instead of passing up Sandy River, and having "Old Blue" as he is called in this vicinity, on my left, I find myself on his North side. He is a fine old fellow. Mt. Abram begins to show itself, and I all at once enter the pleasant Village of Phillips, situated on the Sandy River. It so happened that the North Franklin Agricultural Society was holding its meeting on that day, and prompted to see what was to be seen, I went to the Town House where were exhibited a variety of articles manifesting much industry and good taste, especially on the part of the ladies. The whole affair was a model show. There was such a degree of promptness, such order and decorum, that it did one good, especially an old man, to look at them. A procession was formed under the direction of the Marshal who was cut out for a General, for with remarkable velocity he arranged a large procession four deep and marched through the streets to the neighboring Church, where a capital address was given by a young man, but who evinced some knowledge of what he was saying.—Some capital songs were sung. Reports of committees read, when the procession returned to the public house to do justice to an ample dinner there provided.

The Teachers Institute was held here and was quite successful. There is also a flourishing High School of over one hundred scholars. An academy is much needed here. This is a fine agricultural town, and the inhabitants are moral and intelligent. Among them was one whom I met more than forty years ago. He told me that he was now living with his third wife, and I admired his philosophy amid misfortunes; when people told him how unfortunate he had been in his wives, "No," said he "I have been most fortunate. I have had three wives, and they have all been most excellent women."

One fact has presented itself to me in travelling over Maine, and which will relieve the surprise that many have in visiting this State. A little more than thirty years ago, the State was almost literally burned over, and exhibited but one mass of blackened surface. Since that time the old rubbish has decayed, and a new forest has sprung up, affording those beautiful landscapes all over the State, where they never before existed. To us aged people it is pleasant to contemplate the change.

After having visited some of my nephews and nieces on the way, I found my way home to house up for winter, where it is most congenial for all old people to be during this season of the year.

UNCLE FELIX.

SHAMEFUL EXPOSURE.—Little Boy.—"When I get bigger, Mr. Brown, you'll let me ride your horse, won't you?"  
Mr. Brown.—"Why, Charlie, I haven't any horse; what made you think so?"  
Charlie.—"Why I heard mother say this morning that you'd been riding a high horse lately."

## Interesting Sketch.

## THE CHINESE REVOLUTIONIST.

The Rev. J. J. Roberts, Missionary at Canton, has transmitted to Putnam's Magazine an interesting account of the chief leader of the present revolutionary movement in China. The account is so interesting that we shall endeavor to reduce it to newspaper dimensions.

Hung is the family name of this interesting character—Sow-Tsuen, his literary appellation—corresponding to our Christian name, meaning "elegant and perfect." He was born in a little village of some four hundred inhabitants about thirty miles northwest of Canton. At the age of seven he was sent to school where he developed an extraordinary capacity for study. By the time he was eleven years old he was well versed in Chinese literature. When sixteen years of age, the property of his family did not permit him to continue his studies; but, like other youths of the village, who were not students, he assisted in the field labor. His relations and friends, however, regretted that his talents should be wasted upon mere manual labor, and therefore, they engaged him as teacher in their own village, where an opportunity was afforded him quietly to continue his literary pursuits.

At the first public examination of Canton he was "plucked"—the fate of many geniuses, it would seem, and although he was ranked as a promising scholar did not succeed in obtaining the first degree. In 1836 when he again visited Canton, a remarkable person presented him with a work in nine small volumes, entitled "Good Words Exhorting the Age," which after a superficial glance at their contents Hung placed in his book case without reading. And now comes the mysterious part of this singular history. Shortly after receiving these books—as we are informed by the good missionary, Hung had when lying sick in bed, a vision of a man venerable in years, with a golden beard and dressed in a black robe, who addressed him in some mysterious words. At the same time the stranger presented Sow-Tsuen with a sword, commanding him to exterminate the demons, but to spare his brothers and sisters. The old man said, "Take thee courage and do the work; I will assist thee in every difficulty."

The sickness and visions of Sow-Tsuen continued about forty days, and in these visions he often met with a man of middle age, whom he called his elder brother, who instructed him how to act, accompanied him upon his wanderings to the uttermost regions in search of evil spirits, and assisted him in slaying and exterminating them. He also heard the venerable one reprove Confucius for having omitted in his books clearly to expound the true doctrine. Confucius seemed much ashamed, and confessed his guilt.

The appearance of these mysterious visions sounds like an episode in one of the Ravel's pantomimes; but six years afterwards Hung was greatly astonished to find in these books the key to his own visions, which he had during his sickness, six years before. He found their contents to correspond in a remarkable manner with what he had seen and heard at that time. He now understood the venerable one who sat upon the highest place, and whom all men ought to worship, to be God, the heavenly Father; and the man of middle age, who had instructed him and assisted him in exterminating the demons, to be Jesus, Saviour of the world. The demons were the idols, his brothers and sisters were the men and women in the world. Sow-Tsuen now felt as awaking from a long dream. He rejoiced to have found in reality a way to heaven, and sure hope of everlasting life and happiness. Upon his return home from Watertown, he soon converted two of his intimate friends to his views, namely, Fung Yun-San, the present southern king, and Hung-Jin, who gave the main particulars of this information.

The two friends, Sow-Tsuen, Hung and Young San, owing to these revelations, renounced idolatry, removed the tablet of Confucius from their school-room, and were thus thrown out of employment. The next three years they passed in travel or at their native village, preaching the new faith and securing new converts to the new doctrine. In 1847, Hung presented himself at the missionary station, and after some months of religious instruction near Canton, was thoroughly examined by a committee, and was at the point of being received into the Christian Church by baptism, when, in the words of the Rev. Mr. Roberts, the moderator observed to him:—

"There is no certain employment, nor pecuniary emolument connected with becoming

a member of the church; we ought not to do so from sinister motives." Then, said he, "I know not what will become of me, I am poor, I have no living, and by joining the church shall be thrown out of employment." Here the process staid—he hesitated to join without an assurance. The baptism was postponed indefinitely, and I saw him no more. Nor did I know what had become of him, until informed in 1852, through the report of Hung-Jin, that he was the leader of the great revolutionary movement which commenced in Kwang-Si. The report was confirmed when the English steamer, *Hermes*, went up to Nankin, in the spring of 1853; since then his high position and public movements have excited intense interest, not only in the writer, but throughout Christendom.

Notwithstanding his disappointment of receiving baptism, Hung continued his apostleship, preaching the gospel and reading the scriptures from place to place. He left his native village for the last time in June 1849—and we now make use of the words of the narrative—and he sent for his family—wife and three children, with other relations—in June, 1850. The difficulties soon after commenced. Fighting began in September following. The first battle in which the disciples were engaged, was at a place called Kum-Tien, "Gold field," the first place of which Sow-Tsuen took possession was an opulent market town, where Wang, their chief persecutor, resided. The second was a large village, called Shai-Tsun, which had caused the death of a chief about to join Hung's army.

In the autumn of 1851, he again raised his camp, and marched upon the city of Kwang-Si, which he entered, taking possession of the treasury and public granaries. Hung Sow-Tsuen was here unanimously declared Emperor of the new dynasty, called Tae-Ping Te'pen Kooh—"Great Tranquility," "Heaven's Kingdom"—assuming as his own title, Tae-Ping Wang—"King of Great Tranquility," or "Prince of Peace."

## IGNORANCE AND LOW WAGES.

What asses men are to be ignorant, even in a financial point of view. A blockhead can get but six shillings a day in any market in the world; men of intelligence often make as many dollars. A man who can't write, is as much a slave as if he had been born a brute. He is doomed to be a hewer of wood and a drawer of water all the days of his life. Drudge! drudge! drudge! is all that is in store for him should he continue on the earth for a century. Educate your children, therefore, not only for their happiness, but their incomes. All can see that wickedness leads to misery; yet very few find out that virtue equally certain, that ignorance leads to misery, and misery to wretchedness. Dr. Johnson was once asked "Who was the most miserable man?" and the reply of a sage was, "The man who cannot read on rainy day." The writer was once passing through a park, and saw nailed to one of the trees, this warning: "All dogs found in this park will be shot." A friend who was with us remarked, "Unless dogs can read, they are pretty badly off here."

Now, God has not only written his laws upon the trees, but the stars and in the flowers; his laws are alive us and beneath, on our right hand and on our left, and if a man is not able to read he is "pretty badly off here"—worse off than the dog, for the dog has a master to read him; but man has no master between him and his God. The consequence is, he is mapped by cunning at every corner. He is taken in and done for by the spring-gun duplicity and the man-traps of ungodliness, and all he can do is to flounder and bear. He is even worse off than the wicked, for they may hope, but for the ignorant man there is no hope. He is sentenced to hard labor for the term of his natural life, and all the punishing power in the world cannot prevent.

THE POET LONGFELLOW.—Longfellow presents the fine spectacle of a man of most delicate poetic gift, and rich and varied culture, devoting himself to topics that go straight to the common heart, and handling them with a child-like simplicity, which in conjunction with so much delicacy, is almost without a parallel in the history of literature.

For him no audience is too refined, none too uncultivated. The "Psalm of Life" is as simple as Dr. Watts, as graceful as Campbell, and the same may be said of "Evangeline." We have in Longfellow a finished master of "the accomplishment of verse" who uses his gift as plumes to wing the benevolent shaft of song to the highest and humblest heart alike, and not to spend a mystical chant out of sight into cloud land. Nor is this all. With Longfellow to descend is not to grovel; his gift cleanses common things as if touches them; if he walks the dear old earth with the rest of us, the shining wings of his genius do not trail on the ground; if he speaks a simple language, he utters what is both holy and

high, so that our hearts burn within us by the way as he talks. What mourning hearts have been soothed—what trembling natures strengthened—what hesitating spirits charged with holy courage for the conflict of duty, by his sweet potent words! Those who have never directed their thoughts to the subject, have no adequate idea of the extent to which the works of this great and good American have helped to mould middle-class thought and feeling in Great Britain.—*London Dispatch.*

## FACTS AND HINTS.

THE Friends were originally called Seekers, from their seeking for the truth. The name of Quakers was given them by one of their prominent men, because Fox, (the founder) admonished him and those present with him, to tremble at the word of the Lord.

THE original Sabbath in England, as established in A. C. 950, commenced on Saturday at three o'clock, and lasted till daybreak on Monday. In the reign of James I., 1606, a fine of one shilling was imposed by act of parliament, on every person absent from church on Sunday.

WHEN the Russians desire to keep fish perfectly fresh, to be carried a long journey in a hot climate, they dip them into hot beeswax, which acts like an air-tight covering. In this way they are taken to Malta, perfectly sweet, even in the summer.

THE first grist mill ever erected in Pennsylvania, is yet in existence. It is a quaint old stone building, and bears date about 1666. It is located on a small stream near Germantown, and some of the original machinery imported from England, is still retained in the mill.

TRUE DIGNITY.—The day-laborer, who earns with horny hand and the sweat of his brow, coarse food for a wife and children whom he loves, is raised, by this generous motive, to true dignity; and though wanting the refinements of life, is a nobler being than those who think themselves absolved by wealth from serving others.—*Channing.*

IT is a curious circumstance that a *bonda fide* magnifying glass, identified by Sir Edward Brewster as decidedly and designedly such, was found by Mr. Layard in one of the temples of Nineveh. Mr. Layard says that many of the cuneiform inscriptions and other smaller sculptures are so delicately cut and so minute, as to be almost unintelligible without a magnifying glass.

THE following are the dimensions of some of the largest steamers in the world:—The Great Western, 236 feet long, 25 broad; Great Britain, 322 feet long, 51 broad; Himalaya, 350 feet long, 43 broad; Persia 390 feet long, 45 broad; Vanderbilt, 335 feet long, 45 feet broad; Adriatic, 354 feet long, 50 broad. The Great Eastern, now being built under the direction of Mr. Brunel, is more than twice the size of the largest of these.

POETS AND PUB-HOUSES.—I was amused, says the biographer of Montgomery, with the poet's statement to the effect, that the house in which Moore was born is now a whiskey-shop; that Burn's native cottage is a public house; Shelley's house at Great Marlow, a beer-shop; the spot where Scott was born occupied by a building used for a similar purpose; and even Coleridge's residence at Nether Stowey, the very house in which the poet composed the sweet "Ode to the Nightingale," is now an ordinary beer-house.

AUSTRIAN KNOW NOTHING REBUKED.—A characteristic anecdote of the Austrian Emperor is related in Berlin. At the recent meeting of the Emperor and the King of Prussia, at Töplitz, the latter presented to the Austrian Monarch, among other eminent personages, Alexander von Humboldt, whereupon Francis Joseph, in a drawing tone, inquired of his "royal cousin," "Who is this Humboldt?" The Prussian King, incensed at this specimen of Hapsberg's imbecility, replied, emphasizing the words, "He is the greatest man since the flood."

THE amende honorable originally had an entirely different signification from the sense in which it is now used. It was first inflicted in France on traitors and persons guilty of sacrilege. This was the mode of procedure.—"The offender was delivered into the hands of the hangman, his shirt was stripped off, a rope put about his neck, and a taper in his hand; he was then led into court and obliged to pray pardon of God, the king and the country. Death or banishment sometimes followed.

'Can you give me two halves for a dollar?' inquired a loafer at a retail store. 'Certainly, sir,' said the accommodating clerk, placing the two halves on the counter. 'To-morrow I'll hand you a dollar,' said the loafer, as he pocketed the halves.

## Miscellany.

## WHAT IS SAID OF MUSIC.

## SELECT PASSAGES.

I am no musician, and want a good ear, and yet I am conscious of a power in music which I want words to describe. It touches chords, reaches depths in the soul which lie beyond all other influences; extends my consciousness, and has sometimes given me pleasure which I have found in nothing else. Nothing in my experience is more mysterious, more inexplicable. An instinct has always led me to transfer it to heaven; and I suspect the Christian under its power, has often attained to a singular consciousness of his immortality.—*Channing*.

Music is the only sensual gratification which mankind may indulge in without injury to their moral or religious feelings.—*Addison*.

Wonderful is the power of music! It is the heart's own language, and speaks to it in a voice of irresistible persuasion. It is a good gift from Heaven, and should ever be used in a good cause.—*T. S. Arthur*.

Zwingie, the Swiss reformer, when reproached by Faber, afterwards bishop of Vienna, for cultivating music, said, "Thou dost not know my dear Faber, what music is. I love to play a little upon the lute, the violin and other instruments. Ah, if thou couldst only feel the tones of the celestial lute, the evil spirit of ambition, and the love of riches which possess thee, would they quickly depart from thee."

Music is the child of prayer, the companion of religion.—*Chateaubriand*.

Music not only improves a man's tastes, but his morals. It gives him a taste for home and amends his habits wonderfully. The man who spends his evenings with a piano, is seldom seen in dram shops, and never with night brawlers. We believe in music, and candidly think that one flute will do as much towards driving rowdyism out of a neighborhood as four policemen and a bull-dog.—*Anon.*

Music is the art of the Prophet; it is the only art which can calm the agitation of the soul, and put the devil to flight.—*Martin Luther*.

Amongst the instrumentalities of love and peace, surely there can be no sweeter, softer, more effective voice than that of gentle-peace-making music.—*Eliza Burritt*.

Had I children, my utmost endeavors should be to breed them musicians. Considering I have no ear, nor ever thought of music, the preference seems odd, and yet it is embraced on frequent reflection. In short, madam, my aim would be to make them happy. I think it the most probable method.—It is a resource which will last them their lives, unless they grow deaf; it depends upon themselves, not on others: always amuses and soothes, if not consoles; and of all fashionable pleasures is the cheapest. It is capable of fame, without the danger of criticism—is susceptible of enthusiasm without being priest-ridden: and, unlike other mortal passions, is sure of being gratified in Heaven.—*Horace Walpole*.

Nothing can inspire in me a deeper feeling of devotion than sacred music. To hear the plaintive overture of the choir, and the organ, the stream of melody which seems to roll from the galleries, and to dissolve as it flows, into a kind of atmosphere above the aisles—is soothing and subduing. It banishes every low thoughted care, and gives us "such glimpses of Heaven as saints have in dreams."—*Willis Gaylord Clarke*.

The ancients pretended that nations were civilized by music, and this allegory has a deep meaning: for we must always suppose that the bond of society was formed either by sympathy or interest, and certainly the first origin is more noble than the second.—*Madame de Staél*.

Thibaat, the celebrated Professor of Law in Heidelberg, relates that a young man, his guest, who had listened to a composition of Lotti, exclaimed when he left his house, "Oh, this evening I could do no harm to my greatest enemy."

Music is the most delightful, rational entertainment that the human mind can possibly enjoy.—*Sidney Smith*.

What is more deeply interwoven with the sympathies of human nature than music?—What will more touchingly express the feeling of joy or sorrow, hope or melancholy?—Melancholy forgets to sigh or weep as zolian chords sweep gently over its sea of troubles. What joy complete without its all-enlivening strains? What warrior nerved without its thrilling blast? What church so lowly, and what service so devout, as that where the swelling choral and the organ peal mingle

with the voice of thanksgiving and prayer.—*A. Clarke*.

With ardent love, I have striven, from early youth to make music my own. It has become to me a companion and comforter through life; it has become more and more invaluable to me; the more I learned to comprehend and appreciate its boundless exuberance of ideas, its inexhaustible fullness, the more intimately its poetry was interwoven with my whole being.—*George, crown prince of Hanover*.

Every human feeling is greater than the exciting cause; a proof that man is designed for a higher state of existence; and this is deeply implied in music, in which there is always something more and beyond the immediate expression.—*Coleridge*.

Were I to proceed to tell you how much I enjoy their architecture, sculpture, painting and music, I should want words. It is in these arts they shine. The last of them particularly, is an enjoyment, the deprivation of which with us cannot be calculated. I am almost ready to say, it is the only thing which from my heart I envy them, and which, in spite of all the authority of the Decalogue, I do covet.—*Thomas Jefferson*.

## THE POETRY OF FEET.

We do not like a foot too small for the height any more than we like one too large. A small foot indicates coquetry. Cleopatra's foot must have been small and finely arched, or she would never have done as described by Enobarbus:

"I saw her once  
Hop forty paces through the public street."

No woman ever did or would have done the like but with the consciousness of great perfection in the feet. Antony sends her pearls, saying:

"The firm Roman to great Egypt sends  
This treasure of an oyster, as whose feet,  
To mend the petty present, I will piece  
Her opulent throne via kingdom."

No man alludes to a woman's foot, in any way, if he loves her, unless it be beautiful. Hermione, on the contrary, had a firm, well-proportioned foot, betokening majesty. When she enacts the statue scene we are sure she had a well-sized foot:

"Oh! royal please,  
There's magic in thy majesty,"

is the exclamation of Leontes. A woman will never enact the part of a statue if conscious of an ill-shaped foot, unless her intellectuality may have perverted her instincts, as in the case of Madame de Staél, who at one time personates in this way; and Talleyrand, if we mistake not, offended her, past retrieve, by saying he knew who it was, by the pedestal (pedestal)—a terrible pun where the feet and ankles are ill shaped. Desdemona, Ophelia and Cordelia, must have had long, slender feet, which go more with sentiment than with magnetism or genius. Miranda, on the contrary, had elegantly proportioned feet, worthy the chaste Diana herself. Then, too, Kate—dainty Kate—the sharp shrew, the pretty vixen, had a little arched foot, graceful and elastic as the spring of the tiger's. When Petruchio says,

"Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?"

it was a delicate commendation of her foot; still more when he says,

"Did ever Diana become a grove,  
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?"

Tennyson hath a delicate eye for a foot when he represents Ida in this wise:

"She stood  
Among her maidens, higher by the head,  
Her neck against a pillar, her feet on one  
Of those tame leopards. Kitten-like he rolled  
And pawed about her sandal."

And again, describing the retinue of the princess climbing the rock in pursuit of minerals, he says,

"Many a light foot shone like a jewel set  
In the dark eug."

Women with large feet never like to climb the hills. The sentiment of beauty is less in the size than a certain litheness and elasticity. "Light as a fawn," "Fleet as the greyhound," "With a step like a stag," are all pretty phrases, indicating the character of the foot, which is the index to the whole woman. Dress has a great effect upon the foot, and we fear very long dresses demoralize it. The long robe certainly destroys its elasticity. We like to see the foot

"As neath the petticoats,  
Peep out in like little mice,  
Which shin the light."

That was very pretty in a lover who saw his mistress bathing her feet in a brook, and wrote her,

"Do not fear to put thy feet  
Naked in the water, sweet;

"For not lizard, newt or toad  
Will dare to come where thou hast trod."

The French foot is meagre, narrow and bony; the Spanish is small and elegantly curved, thanks to its Moorish blood, corresponding with the Castilian pride—"high in the instep." The Arab foot is proverbial for its high arch; a "stream can run under the hollow of its foot," is a description of its form. The foot of the Scotch is large and

thick—that of the Irish, flat and square—the English, short and fleshy. The American foot is apt to be disproportionately small. A foot should be arched, fairly rounded, and its length proportioned to the height of the individual. It should have a delicate spring to it, as if it did not quite belong to the earth, and touching it daintily, if not disdainfully. The ankle should express tenderness, should be round and firm, and not too small.

## EXTRAVAGANCE AND FOLLY.

A lady of Newark, New Jersey, stepped into Tiffany and Young's large silver-ware establishment, in New York the other day, and asked to see some bridal presents. She was asked whether she wished to purchase or hire, and was rather nettled at the latter proposition, until she was informed that the establishment let out a fine display of "presents" for a reasonable amount. She was astonished to understand that many of the tempting displays made in the mansions of folly as presents from friends to the bride, had been hired for the occasion.

And this is but a sample of that hollow thing denominated fashionable life, which surrenders itself up to desires which cannot be gratified, thus making life a contrast between mean penuriousness and lavish display. We sometimes enter the saloons of gilded folly, with a sensation of wonder at the gorgeous mirrors, and dazzling lights, the magnificent dresses, and luxurious entertainments; but it passes away in a moment, when we reflect that, in the great majority of cases, the whole is borrowed for the occasion. Tomorrow the walls will be stripped of those rare pictures, the statuary will go back to the dealer, and the silver plate will return to Tiffany and Young, and the family will pinch themselves for a twelvemonth to provide means for another entertainment. Envy not those who, year after year, pass their life in this manner, useless to themselves and to the world around them. Better far the humble home, where each day kinder and gentler thoughts spring up, where age receives its proper respect, where love, with willing hand, renders lighter the duties of existence, and where competency surrounds itself with the comforts and elegancies of life. There what we possess is real and not fictitious. There we live within the range of integrity, and take no part in that career of folly and deceit, the end of which is bitterness and suffering. Let us check the first promptings of that false desire which would lead us to abandon the real, and, for purposes of display, pat on the tinsel and borrowed ornaments which must lower the self-respect of any among us. Let us then hope at least, that in this city no borrowed bridal gifts may be displayed with ostentatious pride.—*Newark (N. J.) Mercury*.

## THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE.

In 1784, in Redruth, England, as a worthy pastor was returning from a visit to his flock, late in the twilight, he saw before him a strange nondescript, as large as a black ram, with eyes flashing fire, and breathing very hard, running furiously towards his shins. Providentially he sprang aside, and before his assailant could turn upon him, he had run such a distance as gave hope of deliverance, when he came full butt against a man running in the opposite direction.

"Run for your life! back! back!" cries the parson.

"Have you seen my steamer?" asked the stranger.

"I've seen the evil spirit himself! run, run!"

"By Jove!" exclaimed the stranger, "how far ahead is he?"

The tone of this question, and the company of a human creature, in some measure dispelled the fright of the faithful man, and assured him, that he if any one, should have courage to face the powers of darkness; so he turned and ran after the stranger, who, as he thought, by mistake, had taken the wrong direction. They soon came up to the object of their pursuit, which had got into a ditch, and was roaring terrifically. To the astonishment of the parson, the stranger seized and dragged the fiery monster to the road.

"She got away from me, sir. I was giving her a try; the bit of road being good for a run."

"Oh, goodness! well, she is yours, then! Pray, what is she?"

"A steamer, sir, I call her. She is a little experiment of mine, got up to try whether Mr. Watt's idea of running coaches by steam can be carried out. I think it can, if capital can be got for it."

"Indeed, indeed! Pray, my dear sir, who may you be?"

"I am William Murdoch, at your service; a mechanical engineer, superintending the

erection of pumping engines for Boulton & Watt, in the mines herabouts.

Great was the relief and satisfaction of the worthy parson on discovering what he imagined to be something broke loose from an unsafe place, was but a bit of honest man-craft; a lunatic conceit it might be, but harmless except when it ran away; and might frighten children, perhaps hurt them.

This miniature engine was the first embodiment of the idea of locomotion on the roads by steam.—*Railroad Advocate*.

## THE WIND.

A truly mysterious agent is the wind, viewless itself, yet having an eye withdrawn toward which if one finds himself moving he will be sure to feel its force if he does not see its form. It is strong-armed also, beating down opposition with relentless strength.—Its voice is terrible sometimes, and sometimes softer than a bee. Now it has the plaint of an ocean harp; then life like whistles loud and clear. It sobs among the pine cones, rustles in the chestnut's summer leaves, and rattles in the bare branches and falling foliage of the autumn. Almost noiselessly does this invisible tenant of the space above us seem to creep, though in fact unseen, along the waving grass and corn, which bend in reverence as it passes.

The wind has been said already to have an eye. It has breath too, now smiting in the sirocco or simoon, now cutting down men with the northward prostrating in the hurricane. Generally it may be inferred that it possesses a good character. The common saying that it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good implies that usually it is a good creature enough. It blows our vessels to pieces sometimes, indeed, but then how many more does it blow, with their rich freight of men and merchandise, across the oceans? Winds derive their character as men do from the country of their origin.—Those from the land of bora are apt to be savage in their attacks as the white bears of the pole, while those from the tropics softly kiss our cheeks and woo us to repose.

It makes itself useful in a thousand ways, one of which is turning mills and powerfully helping all sorts of manufacture. As an entertainer it is unrivaled. How sublimely it brings up the thundershower; how beautifully it floats along the sky the billowy cloud. It causes the hail or rain-drop to patter against the window; and, if you are a good-for-nothing sloven or slattern in your housekeeping, will drive the snow or water through the broken pane or dilapidated roof. While fishing in the lake or lying under a shady tree upon its banks, the wind is ever ready to amuse us. Now it stirs up myriads of ripples, running after one another over its surface, and now it fans the lounge with the big breezes of the chestnut above his head.

It is not always, however, that it appears as master of the revels. In the character of avenger it now and then rushes upon the stage and makes its audience tremble.—Wide forests are instantly laid low by its irresistible yet wiles arm; dwellings are torn asunder and crushed beneath its weight; men and animals are lifted up and whirled about like snowflakes in a winter's storm.—So it is on the land.

At sea its power is terrific. The ocean is lashed into rolling mountains. Earth and the heavens meet and mingle together in night and day. The elements put forth their voices, but above all their horrible thunder the wind rides triumphant and utters its trumpet summons to the universal uproar of battle. It rages, it screams, it shrieks. Over all other sounds the blast of the invisible is heard; and that power which is the cause of the boiling of the deep, the agony of the cracking ship, yet is itself forever unseen.—*Newark Daily Advertiser*.

AN APPALING EXPERIMENT WITH AN IDIOT.—Dr. Midlo relates that an idiot at Salzburg, appearing to be singularly insusceptible of fear, an experiment of an appalling character and appalling consequences, was made upon him as a means of putting his susceptibility to a test. It was proposed to produce in him the impression that he was with a dead man come to life. A person, accordingly, had himself laid out as a corpse, and enveloped in a shroud, and the idiot was ordered to watch over the dead. The idiot perceiving some motion in the corpse, desired it to lie still; but the pretended corpse raising itself in spite of this admonition, the idiot seized a hatchet, which unluckily, was within his reach and cut off first one of the feet of the unfortunate counterfeit, and then unmoved by his cries, cut off his head. He then calmly resumed his station by the real corpse.

## THE WILFUL CAPTAIN.

## OR PRIDE AND DESTRUCTION.

"Shall you anchor off—Point, Captain?" asked a passenger.

"I mean to be in the dock with the morning tide," was the captain's brief reply.

"I thought perhaps you would telegraph for a pilot," returned the passenger.

"I am my own pilot, sir," said the captain contemptuously.

"He's in one of his daring humors; and I'll bet anything you like, that he takes the narrow channel," quietly remarked a sailor, as he passed to execute some order.

"Is it dangerous?" asked the same passenger, uneasily.

"Very, in a gale; and there's one coming or I'm no sailor," replied the man, "but if any man can do it, it's himself. Only he might boast once too often, you know."

Evening came, and the gale was becoming what the sailors call "pretty stiff," when the mate touched my arm, arousing me from a pleasant reverie in which smiling welcome home held prominent place.

"We are going in by the narrow channel, sir," said he, "and with the wind increasing, we may be dashed to pieces on the sand-bank. It is foolhardiness, to say the least. Cannot you passengers compel him to take the safer course?"

I felt alarmed, and hastily communicated with two or three gentlemen; and proceeding together to the Captain, we respectfully urged our wishes, and promised to represent any delay caused by the alteration of his course as a concession to our anxious apprehensions.

But as I anticipated, he was immovable.

"We shall be in dock to-morrow morning, gentlemen," said he. "There is no danger whatever. Go to sleep as usual, and I'll engage to awake you with a land salute."

Then he laughed at our cowardice, took offence at our presumption, and finally, swore that he would do as he chose; that his life was as valuable as ours, and he would not be dictated by a set of cowardly landsmen.

We retired, but not to rest; and in half an hour the mate again approached, saying, "We are in for it now; and if the gale increases, we shall have work to do that we did not expect."

Night advanced, cold and cheerless. The few who were apprehensive of danger remained on deck, holding on by the ropes to keep ourselves from being washed overboard.—The Captain came up equipped for night duty; and his hoarse shout in the issue of commands was with difficulty heard in the wild confusion of the elements; but he stood calm and self-possessed, sometimes sneering at our folly, and apparently enjoying himself extremely, surrounded by flapping sails, groaning timbers, and the ceaseless roar of wind and wave. We wished we were able to sympathise in such amusement but we supposed it must be peculiar to himself, and endeavored to take courage from his fearless demeanor. But presently there arose a cry of "Breakers ahead!" The captain flew to the wheel; the sails were struck; but the winds had the mastery now, and the captain found a will that could defy his own.

"Boats, make ready!" was the next hurried cry, but, as too often occurs in the moment of danger, the ropes and chains were so entangled that some delay followed the attempt to lower them; and, in the meantime, we were hurrying on to destruction. The passengers from below came rushing on deck in terror, amidst crashing masts and entangled rigging; then came the thrilling shock which gave warning that we had touched the bank; and the next was the fatal plunge that struck the foreship deep into the sand, and left us to be shattered there at the wild wave's pleasure!

## The Transcript

FOR THE WEEK ENDING  
SATURDAY, OCT. 25, 1856.

E. P. WESTON AND E. H. ELWELL, Editors.

## A DAY NOT QUITE FORGOTTEN.

Everybody of course goes to Boston; and the record of a day on the streets of that little town, would be quite common-place. But everybody that goes to Boston does not go out into the suburbs. Indeed a very intelligent and well educated business man, who has been to Boston for years to purchase goods, remarked to us that he had always been so hurried that he had never found time to visit even the Common, until this season.— It may be that hundreds of our readers who are familiar with the prominent objects in the city, have not found time to walk about her, and view her beautiful surroundings.— It is five or six weeks since we found ourselves constrained by the politeness of a friend to join him in a drive over the pleasant semi-circuit from the Navy Yard at Charlestown on the north, to Roxbury on the south.

One gets an impression of the resources of Uncle Sam, better, perhaps, in her Navy Yards than in any other place. Immense quantities of cannon and balls and other apparatus of naval warfare are here piled up for an uncertain future. The buildings are substantial and costly. The dry dock is a piece of solid masonry worthy of notice, and the huge structures now covered under immense buildings, and designed to float upon the waters in some bloody day—all prove the expensiveness of naval preparations and the ability of the government to command the means of self-protection. The Ohio receiving ship was the only U. S. vessel lying near the yard. We were politely shown over the same by the "authorities" on board.

Hurrying on our way, we paused a moment at the monument on old Bunker Hill—but have nothing to say about it. It was placed there to tell its own story; and eloquent in its majestic simplicity, may it continue to plead for the liberties of the millions who look up to it with reverence.

When Toombs & Co. shall call their slave-rolls in its shadow, may it fall upon them in holy indignation!

On our westward way we went through the glass works at East Cambridge. These works are about as great a curiosity shop, as a stranger can visit. The ladies of our company amused themselves with blowing fantastic shapes, and witnessing marvellous operations of the sweltering workmen, as they dipped and blower, and moulded and clipped goblets and vases, out of the glowing, molten glass. Men seldom admit a thing to be wonderful, and never so far lose their propriety—of course—as to go into extasies over what they see.

A ride through the streets of old Cambridge gave us a pleasant external view of that fine old classic town, with its ancient University and its elegant country seats.— In the one, aspiring young men are laying the foundation of future usefulness and distinction—girding on the harness for the approaching battle of life. In the other, professional and business men—withdrawn from the toils of earlier manhood, repose in the quiet enjoyment of domestic life, amid the classical atmosphere which surrounds them—"otium cum dignitate." Among these men of leisure and dignity, reposing upon their fortunes and their laurels, is our own professor Longfellow, who occupies the old Washington Head-quarters, and preserves it unmodernized in its exterior, in memory of older times. What new fancies are finding form in that old laboratory of poetic alchemy, we know not—but have no doubt that the skillful manipulator is still turning somebody's iron facts and flimsy legends into poetic gold.

Another move brings us to Mt. Auburn, where nature and art have combined with singular success to relieve the resting-place of the dead from its ordinary repellent aspects. We notice constant additions to these mansions of the dead, a continued improvement of the grounds and paths. Many of these monumental structures are simple and suitable. Others are in exceedingly bad taste. Vanity should blush to show itself at the gateway of the tomb, and all mere display of wealth or station ill comports with the great leveling fact, that

"death with equal stride,

Knocks at the gate of poverty and pride."

It is but a natural and suitable desire which we feel for ourselves and our friends, that we

rest together in some peaceful spot of our common earth—some spot that may be secure against the encroachments of the great tide of life and business, which often sweeps away the landmarks between the living and the dead. But to seek a perpetuation of mere material distinction for self or friends, when we have passed beyond the sphere of such distinctions, is the merest human folly.

The view of the country around—from the top of the tower—including Boston and its suburbs—is very fine. You look down at a glance upon the great haunts of business, and upon the place of sepulchres beneath you, with a convincing impression that the two are not widely separated—that both alike demand their measure of our attention—the scenes of present day, of living action—and that of repose when the toils of life are past.

We paused at the chapel just at the moment of the arrival of a fine statue of Judge Story, executed by his son—William Story, Esq., which is deposited here, as a place peculiarly fit for the statue of one so much interested in the opening and laying out of Mt. Auburn, as was the Judge. The statue is in the sitting posture, and with the half-raised arm and pointing finger, represents a familiar attitude and gesture of the distinguished professor in his lectures. The likeness also is excellent—the whole a beautiful tribute of filial affection.

By this time we are weary of the heat and dust of the way—and the ride beyond, thro' Brighton, Brookline, Roxbury, &c.—is remembered as a dull vision of droves and cattle, pens—fine suburban cottages and villas—gardens of hanging fruit—and avenues of bending shade—hill-side and valley—street and marsh, dust and noise, until we reach our temporary stopping-place in the city.— A bath—a dinner—an hour in the Mechanics' Fair, a drive to the boat, and a charming evening down the harbor, close our memories of a day not all forgotten. When the gallant Colonel, who commanded our company on this occasion, shall come within our reach, it will give us pleasure to show him the improvements of Portland and vicinity, and the *et cetera*.

## ORIGINAL POEM

BY SIR JOHN BOWRING.

We print below an original poem by Sir John Bowring, the English Governor of Hong Kong, China. The history of it is as follows. When, in 1854, the American Minister, McLane, went up the river towards Pequin, in the U. S. ship Powhatan, to form a treaty, he was accompanied by Sir John Bowring in the British ship Rattler. During the trip there was an exchange of civilities and much social intercourse between the two ships; at a party on board the Powhatan Sir John sat down and wrote the following impromptu, upon his knee. A friend of ours who was present obtained the manuscript and has kindly handed it to us for publication.

I've known the warm and wild areas  
Of Bedouins in the wilderness;

Met welcoming Turks in great divans,  
And Nubians on their native Nile;

But dearer is the cordial smile

That hall me in the Powhatan.

I come! what accents greet my ears!

Our mother language—mine and theirs—

All English—all Americans—

And soon, all thoughts, all feelings blend,

While kindred links of brother, friend,

Surround, and fill the Powhatan.

With blended flags for scenery,

I shared the laugh, the joke, the glee,

'Neath leering suns from Japan;

And felt at home, as if I stood

In Westminster, or Holyrood,

Upon the cordial Powhatan.

And then with reverent heart I heard

The teaching of the holy Word:

While o'er the sacred page I ran,

"Fraternal love" seemed written bright,

In letters of celestial light,

Reflected from the Powhatan.

J. B.

On board the Powhatan,  
Bay of Pechili, Oct. 30, 1854.

CURIOSITIES OF THE PRESS.—Those who have occasion to correct "proof," find abundant food for merriment in the queer blunders of the compositor. Not infrequently these errors escape the proof-reader and get out to the public eye. Sometimes they are serious, oftener only amusing. For example, the Independent, the other day made a correspondent speak of the remnants of a certain party, as "peeled and battered," instead of "battered." The printed form was eminently suggestive of hot potatoes, and the further possibility that the party might be swallowed. In the Evangelist of last week we read that "beauty devoid of grace is a mere book (hook !) without the bait." In our last week's issue, we were made to say quo modo instead of modo. It is pretty clear that the devil does not understand Latin.

A ROYAL NICKNAME.—The Prince of Wales, Queen Vic's oldest boy, it is said, is called by his sister, on account of his peremptory manner, "Mister Upper Crust."

## TRANSCRIPT AND ECLECTIC.

## THE OCEAN TELEGRAPH.

Spite of the ambition of kings and the jarring interests of States the nations of the earth are fast getting into closer and more amicable relations with each other. Civilization, notwithstanding an occasional revolution, or the episode of a Russian war, appears to be rapidly fusing all nations into one, and facilitating their inter-communion. The loftiest mountains, and even the widest oceans are no longer the barriers of intercourse—the fosterers of national prejudices—they once were. Already languages are getting mixed, manners becoming assimilated, and costumes universal. Gentlemen in all civilized countries, dress, talk and think very much alike. It is only among the peasantry that national costumes and national prejudices are found still in vogue.

One of the readiest means of accomplishing this universal intercourse is the electric telegraph. Already it has thrown a sympathetic chain over all the nations of Europe, and now it is about to link even widely severed continents in a near embrace. The project of laying down a sub-marine telegraph between Europe and America, appears to be rapidly approaching a complete success.

The steamer Arctic has recently returned from a sounding expedition across the Atlantic, and brings the most satisfactory reports.

The distance from St. John, N. F., to Valentia Harbor, Ireland, the proposed route, was found to be 1640 geographical miles. The soundings through all this distance show that nature has provided a bed, soft as a snowbank, for the reception of the telegraph cable. There are no rocks, gravel or sand to injure it; neither are there those inequalities which usually mark the ocean's bed, and which might prove great obstacles to the laying of the wires. On the contrary nature seems to have provided a surface especially fitted for this use. For nearly the whole distance across there is a great flat or level at the bottom of the ocean, into which the cable will sink and lie safely embedded, out of the reach of storms, or monsters of the sea. For more than 1300 miles the soundings indicate an almost unbroken level plain, unparalleled by anything on the surface of the earth, and fitly named "The Telegraph Plateau." The greatest depth attained was 2070 fathoms—two and a third miles of perpendicular water!

All things seem to conspire to facilitate this enterprise, for it has recently been discovered that the electric current, acting through a submarine cable, is more effective with a small wire than a large one. This is a very important fact, for a heavy cable 2000 miles long would weigh too much, when coiled up, to be easily managed on board the largest vessel. With a smaller wire it is thought to be practicable to lay the line by carrying it to the center of the ocean on board two vessels, which are to uncoil in opposite directions. The two vessels, which will be first class steamers, will be able to communicate with each other till the job is completed. Under the most favorable circumstances the laying of the cable would seem to be a very difficult undertaking, but Capt. Berriman, of the Arctic, laughs at it, and says with a ship large enough, he will engage to do it at ten miles an hour right across. Unforeseen difficulties may yet arise, but the prospect now is, that this great highway of thought between two continents will be completed early next season. The matter is in the hands of a small company of energetic Americans, who are bound to put it through.

HEAD MONEY.—In Greece the Government gives \$480 a piece for the heads of brigands. And no wonder, for the rascals carry things with a high hand. Recently they entered a village, stole a schoolmaster and all his scholars, and then demanded 500,000 drachmas as a ransom! When the government is lucky enough to get possession of a brigand's head, they bury it at a distance from the body to which it belonged. This makes a great impression on the robbers, for they don't relish the idea of going to the world below without their heads!

SOAP.—Messrs. Leath & Gore of this city have some fine specimens of soap on exhibition in City Hall. Their improved Cystalline Transparent Soap is very clear and agreeably scented. Messrs. L. & G. manufacture as good soap as any in the country.

ORIENTAL POETRY.—Sunborn & Carter have for sale Rev. Wm. R. Alger's "Poetry of the East," a new publication which we shall notice more at length in our next.

A ROYAL NICKNAME.—The Prince of Wales, Queen Vic's oldest boy, it is said, is called by his sister, on account of his peremptory manner, "Mister Upper Crust."

## THE RACE COURSE.

Since the completion of the trotting track, on Bramhall's Hill, in preparation for the State Fair, there has been a lively time among the horse-fanciers of our city. The scrub races that have come off every afternoon, have attracted crowds to the ground, and afforded no small amusement to the idle and the curious. And little wonder, for such an assemblage of nags is rarely seen this side of Tattersalls! Long bones and short ones, fat horses and lean ones, fast trotting nags, and the slowest of crabs, racers and pacers, young colts and old hags, ponies and pack-horses, mares, stallions, geldings, and studs, in harness and out of harness, in all kinds of vehicles, chaises, carriages, wagons, buggies, gigs and go-carts! Away they go, at every rate of speed, from the slowest walk to the fastest trot. Everybody who could beg, borrow or hire a piece of horseflesh is on the ground, and having such a good time! And then the ladies, it is such a sight to see them in their gay dresses, on their prancing palfreys, pacing daintily over the ground, or dashing off at a gallop trot. Toussenel says the horse comes next after woman in the order of graceful creature, and surely when the latter is mounted on its former, grace, elegance and "the poetry of motion" can have no higher illustration.

We are no horse-jockeys—never rode after "a two forty," have but slight acquaintance with the saddle, and none at all with "the turf," but then—we desirous the horse.—He is such a harmonious combination of suppleness, strength and lightness—such a high-spirited, intelligent, vainglorious and coquettish creature. In his best condition he has the grace, the tresses, and the pride of woman. And then there is so much character in him! Your horse is a gentleman, and knows how to carry himself in the best society. Yes, there is a fascination in the race—for the rider there is the exhilaration of motion, and the pride of control—for the spectator the excitement which the very air brings with it as the coursers sweep past him in all the pride and rivalry of the contest.

But let us go back to the scrub-races on Bramhall. Just observe the variety of character as displayed in the horses' gait and manner of carrying themselves. Here comes a dainty little piece, were touching the earth with her hoofs, whinnying, the vain creature, is most coquettishly carried. Next comes plunging along a black beast, heavy as a rhinoceros making a great spread on all fours, and coming down on his wide-spreading hoofs with a tremendous sprawl. He is an honest creature, and is doing his best, but was never meant for the race-course. Ah, here is a beauty!—bright-coated, with free flowing mane, piercing eye, and arching neck. How he curves and prances and makes believe that he is going very fast, while in reality he is by no means the swiftest courser on the ground. Here he comes, a homely beast, but doing the work well, with head stretched out, and legs thrown straight forward, he covers all the ground he aims at, and comes out ahead of everything. And so they go, a lively show of horseflesh and humanity, all agog to win the race, and show themselves off to the best advantage. For, never doubt, the horse enjoys the victory as much as his more boastful master.

GETTING UP A CROWD.—Somebody says that to discover how many loafers there are in a place, it is only necessary to set two dogs to fighting. But it is not loafers alone that are fascinated by dog fights and help to swell the crowds at street disturbances. Industrious mechanics, busy merchants and grave professional men can scarce conceal a sneaking interest in the contest, and have their secret sympathies for the spunky, black skinned against the spotted cut.

It is amusing to see how prone men are to get into a crowd and to mystify themselves about "What's going on?" Two men can scarcely look fixedly at an object but a third and then a fourth will join them, until a great crowd is assembled, no individual of which knows "What's the row?" An amusing instance of this occurred in New York recently. A laboring man took a letter from the post office, and going to the building on which he was at work, opened it in the street and began to read it. People stopped to look at him. Curiosity was immediately excited, and a crowd of two or three hundred persons soon gathered around him, all anxious to find out "what was going on."

After all, the instinct of curiosity is not confined to the female sex!

NATIVE STOCK.—There is a cunning little black Bear and a little Deer, quite tame, on the Show Ground.

## CITY ITEMS.

## The State Fair

Opened on Tuesday under very favorable auspices. The day was one of the most delightful of the season, and the crowd of strangers in our streets showed the interest felt in the Exhibition by our country friends. Market Square presented a lively appearance during the day. The contributors were a little slow in getting their articles arranged, but the prospect at the time of our going to press was that the fair would be highly successful. City Hall is filled with heavy manufactured articles, the glass-blowers, &c. Clapp's Hall is given up to lighter articles of manufactured goods, carpets, furs, &c. In this hall we noticed Lieut. Preble's collection of Japanese curiosities. Mechanics' Hall is occupied by the ladies' show of millinery and fancy articles. Both these Halls make a fine appearance. In Deering's Hall the floor is occupied with agricultural implements, while the galleries are devoted to fruits and vegetables. We noticed some enormous squashes, pumpkins, beets, &c. The display of apples, pears and grapes though not extensive is very choice. A lot of Orange Squashes have a very delicious as well as deceptive appearance. We go to press at too early an hour to give a full description, which we shall do in our next. At the grounds on Bramhall's Hill there is a fine collection of cattle. Of the performances there we shall speak more at length next week. The annual address delivered on Thursday evening by Hon. Geo. P. Marsh at Rev. Dr. Carruthers' meeting House.—Six thousand dollars will be distributed in premiums and prizes, besides diplomas and valuable books.

At the grounds on Tuesday afternoon there was a foot race, won by A. P. Maxfield of Casco, who ran half a mile in 2 minutes and 25 seconds.

## An overflowing audience

Gathered in State Street Church on Sunday evening to listen to the anniversary exercises of the Young Men's Christian Association. A large number of Clergymen, of all evangelical denominations were present and took part in the services. From the annual report of the Association, read by Mr. C. J. Morris, the retiring President, we learn that it is now out of debt, has a library of 425 volumes and a reading room well supplied with papers. The Association has three missionary stations under its care, one as far off as Gorham, N. H. It is evidently doing a good work in the community.—The sermon by Rev. I. S. Kallock, of Boston

quietly delivered discourse upon the conflict of life, its uses and the glory of the victory.—We are glad to learn that the Association has made arrangements with our city pastors for a series of lectures during the coming winter.

## A Very Pleasant Gathering

Was the Triennial Festival of the Mechanic Association, held on Wednesday evening of last week in Mechanics' Hall. The large number present was a gratifying indication of the interest felt in the occasion by the members and their families. The address by Bro. O. S. Beale was a sound and practical discourse, well suited to the occasion. The hints thrown out were profitable and instructive. The address was highly creditable to its author and interesting to the audience. As for the supper, the Committee certainly did their work very faithfully and to the satisfaction of every body. We did not forget to say that the music of the Band added greatly to the pleasures of the evening. The Association was never more prosperous than now, and we trust its prosperity will long continue.

## A mixing of doctrines

The pulpit of Rev. Mr. Stebbins, Unitarian, was supplied on Sunday forenoon by the Rev. E. F. Cutler, the Orthodox editor of the Christian Mirror, and in the afternoon by Rev. Mr. Hayden, Swedenborgian.

WE LEARN that Mr. R. P. Ambler, whose discourses before the Spiritual Association of this city, have for several weeks past attracted large audiences at Mechanics' Hall, in consequence of other engagements, will remain but four weeks longer.

The Steamer DANIEL WEBSTER came off the Railway at Cape Elizabeth on Monday, thoroughly repaired and as staunch as before her late accident.

THOMAS CARDIGAN, an Irishman aged 25 years, was drowned on Saturday night by falling from a boat, while on his way from Peak's Island.

THE DRY GOODS DEALERS intend to close their stores during the coming winter at 7 1/2 o'clock, P. M.



## Poet's Corner.

## Fact and fancy.

## THE SPLIT IN THE STATES.

United States, if our good will,  
Could but command its way,  
You would remain united still,  
Forever and a day.  
Does England want to see you split,  
United States?—the deuce a bit.

Your North and South disunited, we  
With less disgust should view  
Only that England we should see  
And Scotland cleft in two.  
We wish your great Republic whole,  
With all our heart and all our soul.

Why, who are we? Almost alone,  
With you upon this earth,  
We bow before no Tyrant's throne;  
Believe us, aught but mirth,  
Your noble Commonwealth, if clef,  
Would cause us Britons, weaker left.

What head we might, against the wrong,  
Together make, O friends!  
We wish you to continue strong,  
Our union strength depends.  
So, that your States may keep compact  
Is our desire—now that's a fact.

By Priest and Soldier's two fold sway  
The old world groans oppress.  
We, and you only, far away,  
With Liberty are blest.  
And may we still example give,  
And "teach the nations how to live."

How all the Despots would rejoice,  
Should you break up and fall;  
How would the funkies' echoing voice  
Take up their masters' tale.  
"Free institutions will not do!"  
Would be the cry of all the crew.

The Press is gagged—the mouth is shut—  
None dare their thoughts to name,  
In Europe round; and lackeys strut,  
Arrayed in splendid shame;  
And creeds are, at the bayonet's point,  
Enforced in this time out of joint.

Still it is yours and ours to bear  
Our witness 'gainst these days.  
The world, at least, will not despair  
While we our free flags raise.  
Then may you still your stripes possess,  
And may your stars be never less.

Strange it may seem, and yet is not;  
The peril of the Free  
All springs from one unhappy blot,  
The latent of Slavery.  
That, that is all you have to dread;  
Get rid of that and go ahead.—*Punch.*

## Fun and Sentiment.

*Pin money*—the receipts of a bowling alley.

*Fame* is like a river, narrowest where its birth-place is, and broadest afar off.

*When you see a small waist,* think how great a waste of health it represents.

*There is a firm in New York, the name of which is Lay, Hatch and Cluck.* The clerks are presumed to be all Shanghais.

*What is the difference between a confirmed sinner and a beggar?* One is a mendicant and the other is a mend-i-won't.

*A woman may laugh too much.* It is only a comb that can always afford to show its teeth.

*You may glean knowledge by reading,* but you must separate the chaff from the wheat by thinking.

*Dickens, in his 'Little Dorrit,' tells us* that a tender word 'dropped like a heavy stone into the well of Clennam's heart, and splashed the water into his eyes!'

*An old writer thus describes a talkative female:* 'I know a lady who loves talking so incessantly, that everlasting rotation of tongue, that an echo must wait till she dies before it can catch her last words.'

*THE VERY LAST.*—Why is the speech a Jew would make when paying a bill, like two characters in one of Shakspeare's favorite plays?—Because he would say, Cash I owe (Cassio,) and dere's de money (Desdemona.)

*'Mike, can you account for the extraordinary curve in that horse's back?'* 'Sure, an' I can, sir. Before the baste was your property, he was backed agin an Irish horse that bate her hollow, and she never got straight since.'

*A gentleman from the rural districts,* (after vainly endeavoring to solve the mystery of chafing-dishes,)—Look-a-here wai-ter, bring me some oysters, but have 'em biled down stairs. I don't want none of them darn'd little cook-stoves.'

*FASHIONABLE.*—A little girl at school read thus:—'The widow lived on a small limbacy, left her by a relative.' 'What did you call that word?' asked the teacher; 'the word is legacy, not limbacy.' 'But Miss Johnson,' said the little girl, 'Ta says I must say limb, not leg.'

## CAMP MEETING TALK.

A chap down South went to a Camp-meeting, and gives the following amusing account of the disjointed conversation he heard there:

Preaching had not begun, and promenading was in progress. We took a convenient stand, and tried to catch the remarks of the various couples, as they went slowly by us.

'Yes, indeed,' (two girls talking, of course) 'and my brother Tom says that Henry So-ker brags about the many times he has kissed her right in the mouth, and she never slaps him at all when nobody is by, and I'm sure I should die if people was to talk of me as they do about her.'

'Corn is up again, you know, and I shall make at least six hundred barrels if I make a peck, and consequently—'

'What a spectacle this is, to be swah, Chaw Ah wondah if these people—dem'd pooy gul, aint she—build theysh own tents owa hiwah men to do it sowah 'em. Must be a gweat boah to—'

'Be married in six weeks from last Tuesday. I heard ma talking about it, but you mustn't mention it for the world. It is a great secret.'

'Really now, and she's as ugly as—'

'The finest sow you ever say, sir. Pure Berkshire, and has nice splendid pigs. It was the best trade I ever made, and I wouldn't take thirty dollars for—'

'Scolloped petticoats! only look, Amy! Nine flounces and hoops in the bargain! Oh how I should love to—'

'Go to picnic on Thursday? Oh, thank you. You don't know how I would love to be present, sir, I am so fond of the exhilarating dance, but father says—'

'I am truly gratified, my dear young friend, to learn that you are so deeply impressed with the necessity of immediate repentance, and I shall this very day make—'

'Ten yards of gimp for the bosom, and maroon velvet binding for the neck and sleeves, and oh, Emily!—'

'The finest baby you ever saw—black eyes and large limbs, six weeks old and weighs!—'

'Sixty-one ounces and a quarter to the bushel. None better in the country. Free from garlic and cockrel, and large grained. I hold it at—'

'Stillopolis, next Saturday. Bob Bothydoes, the former Congregant, will speak, as he says—'

'Ah, Mr. Pepper, you fister me so! Just so, how horribly Kate Winsot is dressed.—She'll wear yellow, though it makes her look like—'

'Fever and agy. I believe. They've all been laid up with it, and now the poor man's got—'

'The sweetest bonnet I ever saw. Where did you get it? I must recommend my sister to your—'

'Watermelon patch. Sole every darned one. Some of 'em 'bon half ripe. I s'pose I'll shoot them if they don't—'

'Go to the White Sulphur. It is the best place in the whole world, ma'am. I've seen some of the most wonderful effects of the waters. Tom Holocaust was cured of—'

'Twenty-five pounds of butter a week.—And always get a quarter a pound, and sometimes—'

'Four eggs, two handfuls of flour, a dab of yeast, half tin cup full of molasses, and it makes!—'

'The best manure I ever used sir. Vastly superior to guano, or super-phosphate. Two hundred and fifty pounds to the acre raised me!—'

'The handsomest woman on the ground.—I can see none equal to her, except Miss Mary—, and she's got!—'

'Both hind legs sparred. And there's a speck in her right eye that's bound to—'

'That beautiful girl in black over there. I never saw her but once before, and that was at—'

'Mr. Muggin's failure, sir. And he has taken to drink awfully, and only last week had—'

'His head under my arm, and was plugging him in the mouth, when he got my finger!—'

'Between the 10th and 15th of September. I will get my wheat to market, and it will bring!—'

'His grey hairs in sorrow to the grave.—Oh, it is awful to think how!—'

'Close she hangs to his arm. She ought to be ashamed of herself, and never saw him until!—'

'William was born twenty-five years ago last April. I am an old woman now, and the grey hair makes!—'

'Toot! toot! "Preaching will now commence," said the Presiding Elder, and we heard no more.'

## Enigmas, &amp;c.

For the Transcript and Eclectic.

## ENIGMA.

I am composed of 18 letters.  
My 19 12 7 3 is to tear.  
My 6 18 2 11 4 would have grieved John Gilpin  
to lose, much more than loss of time.  
My 13 1 15 is a species of tree.  
My 8 14 17 6 is the emblem of harmless ness and purity.  
My 5 9 16 3 18 12 is a river of South Carolina.  
My 8 14 10 is a Spanish title of nobility.  
And my whole—the dying words of a celebrated American statesman—should be the watchword of every true Yankee.

W. E.

For the Transcript and Eclectic.

## ILLUSTRATED REBUS.



ANSWERS NEXT WEEK.

ANSWERS TO THE LAST.

To Illustrated REBUSES—BARKER-(IN)-G DOG S E-RE-BON-E. (Barking dogs seldom bite.) Answered by C. D. Tukey; C. Rich.

## COAL!

THE undersigned offer for sale the following choice selection of Coal:

RED ASH—Franklin, Peach Mountain and Palke-  
er Vein.

WHITE ASH—Black Heath, Locust Mountain,

Johns, Broad Mountain, Buck Mountain and

Rainbow.

LEHIGH—Spring Mountain and Hazleton.

"In reply to the inquiry often propounded to us, "Why cannot you sell your coal as cheap as others?" we wish it distinctly understood that we can, and do. Our price is the same as that of other regular, honest and honorable dealers in the city charge, who deliver their Coal thoroughly freed from slate and dust. We admit that we have not sold as low rates as some others in the trade, nor have we sent our Coal in as bad condition. Every one admits the same, that it is "not real gold that glitters," but we know all is not coal that looks like it. We have had extra pains, this year, to sell Coal—not slate nor dust; and we are confident that our numerous patrons will find it so, upon trial. It costs us something to overhead and send it in good order, and we expect a fair remuneratiion in return. For the sake of present gain, we cannot, aye, we will not promise Coal at less than the regular rates, in good order, and then send slate, &c., to make our profits. We believe the policy is a bad one; others may make money by it—we wish not to obtain it by other than honorable means. We say not in pride: the poor man who wishes his half ton shall have it as cheap as those who purchase their 20 tons; but in 25 ton lots and upwards, we shall take a fair discount for cash.

Those who wish to buy dear coal at low prices, we are prepared to sell them as "cheap" as the cheap est.

We will sell as good coal as the market affords, at from 25 cents to \$2.50 less than the regular rates, and promise it dearer coal to the customer, than coal in good order.

Orders for low priced coal always to be accompanied with the cash, for reasons obvious to the thinking portion of coal consumers! We buy as much and as cheap, have as good a variety, and can sell on favorable terms as any other concern in the State—quality and condition always con-

sidered.

No Coal is permitted to be driven from our scales,

until we personally see that the weight is correct.

Our scales are balanced, and carts weighed, every morning and noon.

BAKER & POOR.

Richardson's Wharf.

Also at office No. 68 Middle street, opposite the new Custom House.

## MEN WITH FAMILIES.

AS WELL AS—

E V R Y Y O U N G M A N ,

SHOULD make themselves acquainted with the

system and advantages of LIFE INSURANCE exhibited by the

MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,

OF NEW YORK,

Its Cash Fund being \$3,500,000!

All accumulated during the last 12 years! after dividing one and a half million dollars among widows and orphans, who would have been left penniless upon the world, without the benefit derived from this great and benevolent Institution.

In 1844, (when it became its Agent,) the whole fund of its Company was but \$2,000.

No investment will be found more secure or advantageous in providing for families or friends from poverty or want, in the event of death, ("which must come upon all"), than a LIFE POLICY.

99 per cent. of the premiums have already been di-

vided among policy holders.

Other Large Dividends are soon to be made to those who apply soon.

No Man, whatever his circumstances, should neg-

lect to make this wise and prudent provision for his family or friends to-day. To-morrow it may be too late.

To Young Men, the expense is very small!

It was found on the decease of the late Abbott Lawrence,

That he had an Insurance of \$40,000 on his life.

He was wise!

Many of our BEST CITIZENS insure with this company. "Do thou likewise!"

Pamphlets and Papers, containing valuable information on this subject, may be had on application at this Agency—(Day or Evening.)

Office No. 31 Exchange St., (Up Stairs.)

W. D. LITTLE, Agent.

I. T. DASA, M. D., Medical Examiners.

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27th

1,000,000 BOTTLES SOLD!!

Entered according to act of Congress in the year 1853

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All Infringements will be dealt with according to

Law!

J. RUSSELL SPALDING'S

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This great and popular preparation is decidedly one

of the nicest and best articles in the world for the

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It imparts a richness and brilliancy, cleans, ornates,

invigorates, embellishes, removes dandruff,